An hundred Epi-grammes.

Inuented and made by John Hey-wood.

Anno Christi.

M. D. L.

Cat

c)

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¶ To the reader.

RYme without reason, and reason without ryme
In this conuercion depe diffrence dooeth folk,
In first parte wherof where I am falne this tyme,
The folye I graunt, whiche graunted (readers all)
Your graunt, to graunt this request require I shall,
Ere ye fully reiecte these liues, folowyng here
Perreine (I praie you) of the woordes thententes clere.

¶ In whiche (maie ye lyke to looke) ye shall se
Some woordes, serue one sense, a nother to disclose,
Some woordes them selues sondrie senses signifie:
Some woordes, somwhat from common sence, I dispose,
To seeme one sense in text, a nother in glose.
These woords in this work, thus wrought your workyng toose,
Maie woorke me to seeme (at least) theles a foole.

¶ Than in rough rude termes of homely honestee,
(For vnhoneste terme I truste there none here soundes)
Wherin fine tender eares shall offended bee,
Those folies, beyng serebt in reasons boundes,
Reason maie bee surgin in salupng those woundes,
Lumyng those sores to salues: for reason dooeth geffe,
Homely matters, homly termes dooe best expresse.

¶ But where all defence standeth in exemption
To defend me herin out of folies bandes,
So that to redeeme me theres no redemption.
Graunting and submittyng folye, that so standes,
This sale refuge I craue to haue, at your handes,
Those folies standyng clere from intent of yll,
In lieu or lacke of good wit, accept good will.

An Epigramme on this boke of Epigrammes. I.

This booke male seeme, as it sorteth in sute,
A thyn tryn trencher to serue folke at frute:
But carter or reader can no ware wyn,
To cut frute theron, or compt frute therin.

Of three sages. II.

Three maner sages nature doeth deuyse,
The sage herde, the sage foole, and the sage wyse,
And who for moste wyse hym selfe doeth accept,
Male matche any sage, the sage wyse except.

Questions aunswered. III.

Trust thei any,
That truste not many? } ye.

Please they any,
That serue many? } Nay.

Helpe they any,
That helpe not many? } ye.

Freende they any,
That flater many? } Nay.

Feare thei any,
That doe fraie many? } ye.

Hope they any,
That hope to many? } Nay.

A full

Of water, wyne, and ale. IIII.

¶ Water vnder a bote, wyne in a botell,
The tone I can beare, thother beareth me well:
And where as nother botes nor botels be,
Nother can I beare wyne, nor water beare me.
But aboue all liceur welfare ale (I saie)
For I with ale, and ale with me waz awaie.

To muche or to littell. V.

¶ If that I drinke to muche, than am I drie,
If I drinke to littell, more drie am I:
If I drinke no whit, than am I driest,
To muche, to littell, no whit, nought is the best.
Thus drinke we no whit, or drinke till we burst,
Yet poore drie soules we be euer a thurst,

Of the senses. VI.

Speake not to muche, lest speche make the spechlesse,
Go not to muche, for feare thou go behynde,
Here not to muche, lest heryng bryng deafnesse.
Loke not to muche, lest lookyng make the blynde.
Smell not to muche, lest smellyng lose his kynde.
Tast not to muche, leste taste mistast thy chaps.
Touche not to muche, for feare of after claps.

Of talkyng VII

¶ Thy tayle can talke, and knowth no letter.
Thy tongue can talke, and talkth muche swetter
But except tailsome were the grettest,
Of tongue and tayle thy tayle talkth better.

Of

Of heares and wittes. VIII.

¶ Thynne heares and thicke wittes be deyntee.
Thicke heares, and thynne wittes be plentee.
Thicke heares and thicke wittes be scant,
Thinne heares and thinne wittes none want.

A dronkerd. IX.

¶ A goose is harnest in hir white feathers,
A drunkerd in drinke agaust all weathers,
A foole in his fooles hood, put all togeathers.

The foxe and the maide. X.

¶ Although that foxes haue been seene there seelde,
Yet was there lately in Fynsbery feelde
A fox sate in syght of certayne people
Noddyng, and blissyng, staryng on poulis steeple.
A maide toward market with hens in a band
Came by, and with the fox she fell in hand.
What thyng is it Rainard in your brayn ploddyng,
That bringth this busie blissyng and noddyng?
I nother nodde for sleepe swete hert the fox sayde,
Nor bisse for spirite, except the diuel be a mayde.
My noddyng and blissyng breedth of woonder
Of the witte of Poules wethercock ponder.
There is more witte in that cocks only head,
Than hath been in all mens heades that be dead.
As thus: by common report this we fynde,
All that be dead, did die for lacke of wynde.

But that wethercocks witte is not so weake
To lacke wynde: the wynde is euer in his beake.
So that while any wynde blowth in the skye,
For lacke of wynde that wethercock will not dye.
She cast downe hir hens, and now did she dis.
Jesu (quoth she) In nomine patris,
Who hath euer heard at any season
Of a foxes forgeyng so feat a reason?
And while she preised the foxes wit so,
He gat hir hens in his necke, and to go.
Whither away with my hens fox (quoth she?)
To Poulis pig as fast as I can (quoth he.)
Betwene these hens, and yonder wethercock
I will assaie to haue chekins a flock.
Whiche if I maie get, this tale is made goode,
In all Christendome not so wise a broode.
Maiden (quoth he) these hens be forboden
Your sight, tyll that wethercock hath troden.
Wo woorth (quoth she) all craftie inuencions,
And all inuenters, that by false intencions,
Inuent with intent to blynde or bleare blunt eies,
In case as this fox to me doeth deuise.

Of an yll gouernour called Jude. XI.

A ruler there was in countreie a fer,
And of the people a great extorcioner:
Who by name (as I vnderstand) was called Jude,
One gaue him an as, whiche gelt whan he had beude,
He asked the geuer, for what intent
He brought to him that as. For a present

I bryng maister Iude (quoth he) this as hither,
To ioygne maister Iude and this as together.
Whiche two ioygned in one, this is brought to pas,
I may bidde you good euen maister Iudas.
Make be or I serue not thou knaue (quoth he:)
Whom it please your mastership, hym let it be.

Vpon geuyng an almes. XII

Into a beggers hand, that almes did craue,
In stede of one peny, two pense one geue.
Whiche done, he saide beggar, happie thou art,
For to thee, my hand is better than my hart.
That is (quoth the begger) as it chaunceth now,
The better for me, and the woorse for yow.

Of a surfette. XIII.

A man from a feuer recouered new,
His greedy appetite would not eschew.
From meate contagious, whereto he had a lust,
But one morsell one euenyng, nedes eat he must.
Which foorthwith after brought good approbacion,
Of his returne into resolucion.
What cause causeth this (quoth the physicion:)
I know (quoth he) no cause of suspicion.
How be it my wonder is great as can be,
By what meane this feuer attacheth me
More, for eatyng a litell this night last,
Than for eatyng muche more the night before past.
I did eate a capon me euery whit
The last night: after whiche I felt no fit.

And this night I eete but one bit of fresh beefe,
And yet am I shaken with the hourson theefe.
Nowe (quoth the phisicion) apperth the cause why
Capon is holsome, and the beefe contrary.
And a litell yll meate geueth sickenesse more foode,
Than a littell to muche of meate that is goode.
Sir, I thanke you muche (quoth the patient)
This lesson shall hensfoorth make me to consent,
When I shall nedes surfet, by vnruly wyll,
Rather to surfet on that is good, than yll.

Repugnancie in apparance. XIIII

Muche contrarietee maie seeme to staud
Where none is. as by example, my son.
In London is the best ale of all England:
And yet as good ale in England as in London.

The ape and the asse. XV.

The ape and the asse stode, where they beheelde.
A course with a greyhound at the hare in a feelde.
Thei well perceiuing, the greihound great groūd wan
As long as the hare and he foorthright ran.
And lyke aduauntage they sawe in the hare,
When she list lightly to turne here and thare.
The ape to know whether the asse is talkyng,
Were any quicker than his asse this stalkyng,
Asked the asse: If thou shouldest choose one of bothe,
To ren as swiftly as the greyhound yonder gothe,

Or

Or turne as light as the hare: whiche one of twaine
Wouldst thou in thy choosyng by choise obtayne?
I (quoth the asse) beyng at libertee,
Will choose none of bothe feates, I may saye to thee.
What winneth the dog by his swift footemanship?
Whan the hare at pinche turnth from him at a whip.
And what wynth the hare in hir turns so lightly?
The dog outrennyng hir agayne by and by?
Rennyng or turnyng so, ren or turne who will.
I will goe softly, or els stand euen still.
Howbeit to assoyle thy question (quoth he)
If I should choose one, lyke the hare would I be,
For where the dog renneth the hare for to kyll,
She turnth for defence, offryng the dog none yll.
And better is this part in this case brother,
My selfe to defend, than offend an other.

A foole and a wyse man. XVI.

A foole and a wyse man ridyng one eyryde.
He asked the horse, that the wyse man did ryde,
Whither gosse thou horse? whither goe I (quoth he?)
Aske hym that guideth the bridell, aske not me.
Whither rydest thou foole (quoth he) with looke so fell?
Aske my horse knaue (said he) what can I tell.
Whan fooles ride (quoth he) that can not rule the raine:
Their horses be their herbengers, I see plaine.
And whan wise men ride, I right well espie,
Them selfe, not their horse, apoynt where thei shal lie.

Of sight

Of sight. XVII.

¶ Who nedes will looke, and wouldē not see,
The sight once seen thou lokeste fore,
Close vp thine eyes For truste thou me,
Muche looking to, breedth much the sore.

Feigned newes. XVIII.

¶ From a feelde fought, one of the beaten syde,
Ran home, and victorie on his parte he cryde.
Whose prince by hym thus enformed of this,
Made bonfires and banckets, as the vse is.
In shorte tyme after all which ioye and coste,
The kynge was ascertayned, the feeld was loste.
Wherewith he (in as great hast as great greefe)
Charged the first messenger to make preefe,
Where he had this lie, that the feelde was wonne.
My selfe sir (quoth he) this lie first begonne.
Which for commoditee vnto your grace
And all your subiectes, I brought it in place.
Where if truth shold haue broght watching & weping,
My lie brought two dates of laughing and sleping.
And if ye all this yere take my lie for true,
To kepe you merie, what harme could ensue?
Perfect is (quoth he) be it new or stale,
A harmeles lie, than a harmefull true tale.
How his lie was claude I know none that knowth:
But it was at least winkt at, I heard of trowth.

Two arme in arme. XIX

¶ One said to a nother taking his arme,
By licence freend, and take this for no harme.

No

No sir (saied the other) I geue you leue
To hang on mine arme, but not on my sleue.

Of hearyng and speakyng. xx.

¶ Who hereth all
And speaketh nought,
Chaunce maie so fall
He is well tought.

Who speaketh all
And hereth nought,
Fall what shall fall,
He is ill tought.

Who hereth all,
And all vableth,
What euer fall
He oft fableth.

Who hereth nought,
Nor nought can speake,
& aie soone be thought
A body peake.

Saie nought, here all,
Saie all, here nought,
Bothe, none, these fall
Extremely wrought.

Who hereth ofte
And speaketh seeld,
Be witte alofte
He wynth the feeld.

Of wit, will, and wisdome. XXI.

¶ Where will is good, and wit is yll,
There wisdome can no maner skyll.
Where wit is good, and will is yll,
There wisdome sitth all silent styll
Where wit and will are both two yll,
There wisdome no waie meddill wyll.
Where wit and will well ordred be,
There wisdome makth a Trinitee.

The wrenne and hir birdes. XXII.

¶ Of a nest of wrens late bred in a hedge,
Whiche the dam forsahyng, when they were fledge,
One saied: Alas mother, what is the why?
That ye draw from vs vnnaturally.
Childe (quoth the dam) I doe now vnto the,
As my dam in my youth did vnto me,
Wherby I am blameless in that I do,
Sens I do but as I haue been done to,
Mother (quoth he) to deale as ye be delt with,
Is not alwaie meete: but this is the pith:
As ye would your dam should haue delt with yow,
So should ye our dam deale with your birdes now.
Why sonne (quoth she) thinkst thou me such a foole?
That my chylde shal ler his mother to schoole?
Nay, adieu (quoth she) and away she is flowne:
This chylde for this checke refusyng for hir owne.
Whiche done, the wren calth his brothers & sisters,
And vnto them this lesson he whisters.

I see,

I see and ye mate see (quoth he) by this case,
The triall of tauntes out of tyme and place.
Wher faire words haply my mother might haue won,
This taunt maie hir refuse me for hir son.
Whiche mate teache vs all, where euer we cum
Rather by silence alwaie to be mum,
Than in ought at libertee, or forbidden,
To taunt our betters, openly or hidden.

The maister and the man. XXIII.

A man, and his man, chaunced late to bee
Nie where a crowe stode cryng in a tree.
James (q the maister) the crowe hath spide thee.
Nay by God, he loketh on you maister (quoth he)
Taunt (quoth the maister) rebound somtyme I see.
Where I thought to taunt the, thou doest taunt mee

Vpon penaunce. XXIIII.

Two men of one man were confest but late,
And both two had penance after one rate.
Whiche was: eche of them a peny should geue
To a penles man, him to releeue.
Thone of these twayne had one peny and no more.
Thother, no peny nor farthyng had in store.
Thei disclosyng eche to other this case.
This peny father drew his purse apase,
Saiyng: sens thou art penilesse, I will
Geue the this penye, my penance to fulfyll.
God thanke the (quoth the tother) and sens thow
Art now penles, as I was euen now,

For penaunce I geue this peny to the,
As freely as euer thou gauest it to me.
Well done (quoth the other) here mate we bost,
Peny dole delt, without one peny coste.

Jacke and his father. XXV.

¶ Jacke (quoth his father) how shall I ease take?
If I stand, my legges ake, and if I kneele,
My knees ake, if I goe, then my feete ake,
If I lie, my backe akethe, if I sit, I feele
My hyps ake: and leane I neuer so weele,
Myne elbowes ake. Sir (quoth Jacke) pein to exile,
Sens all these ease not, best ye hang a while.

Of a daw. XXVI.

¶ With a crossebow late in hand readie bent
To shoote at a daw in a tree, I went.
Saiyng to one by: I will assaie to hit
Yonder I see a daw, if she will sit.
Sye is, if she sit, a daw in deede (quoth he)
But if she sit not, what is she than saie ye?
A daw also (saide I.) Than saith he, I see,
Whether a daw sit, or whether a dawe flee,
Whether a daw stand, or whether a daw lie,
Whether a daw creke, or whether a daw crie,
In what case so euer a daw persuer,
A daw is a daw, and a daw shall be euer.

Of shewyng the waie. XXVII.

¶ Twaine met in a high waie, what time thei did go,
Eche one toward the place the tother came fro.

What

What is my waye (saide the towne) I praie the?
Foule (quoth thotherr.) That is ill ridyng (quoth he.)
I can tell thee better ridynges then this:
Thy waie, both faire and smooth as a dice is.
My ridynges (quoth he) is better than thine,
But I thinke thy ridynges truer then mine.
This is (quoth the tother) so well brought about,
That it bringeth and shall bryng me in dout.
Whiche one of these twayne is most ill at ewe,
Good tales that be falle, or ill tales that be trew.

A quiet neighbour. XXVIII.

Accompted our commodities,
Few more commodious reason sees,
Than is this one commoditee,
Quietly neighboured to bee.
Whiche neighbourhood in thee aperes.
For we two hauing ten whole yeres
Dwelt wall to wall, so iolynyngly,
That whisperyng soundeth through well nie,
I neuer heard thy seruauntes braul
More than thou hadst had none at all:
Nor I can no waie make auaunt,
That euer I heard the geue them taunt.
Thou art to them, and thei to thee
More mylde than mute. mum ye bee.
I heare no noise mine ease to breake:
Thy buttrie doore I heare not creake.
Thy kitchyn cumbreth not by heate,
Thy cookes chop̃e neither herbes nor meate.

I neuer heard thy fyre once sparke,
I neuer heard thy dog once barke,
I neuer heard once in thy house.
So muche as one peepe of one mouse.
I neuer herd thy catte once mew.
These preises are not small nor few.
I beare all water of thy soyle,
Wherof I fele no fylthie soyle,
Saue water, whiche dooeth washe thy handes:
Wherin there none annoyaunce standes.
Of all thy guestes set at thy boorde
I neuer heard one speake one woorde,
I neuer here them cough nor hem,
I thynke hense to Jerusalem,
For this neighbourlie quietnesse
Thou art the neighbour neighbourlesse.
For er thou wouldest neighbours annoy,
These kyndes of quiet to distroy,
Thou rather wouldest to helpe that mater,
At home alone fast bread and water.

Of dogges and theues. XXIX.

¶ To kepe theues by night out of my house,
I kepe doggs to aide me in my yarde,
Whose barkyng at stur of euery mouse,
By lacke of slepe kilth me in regarde,
Theues or dogs than, whiche male best be sparde?
Murder is the most mischiefe here to gesse,
Theues can doe no more, and dogs will do no lesse.

A keper

A keper of the commandementes. XXX.

If it be (as it is) muche commendable
To kepe Gods preceptes, geuen Moyses in table:
In kepyng the same (as thou hast pretended)
Thou mayest well be maruellously commended.
First for thy hauyng any mo gods but one,
Thou kepest within that bound, For god ỹ hast none.
Hauyng or woorshippyng of god false or true,
Thou hast nor worshippest God old nor newe.
And as for the committyng of Idolatrie
By grauyng to thy selfe any Imagerie,
This Twenty yeres daie, in weather hot or coole,
Thou handledst no carupng nor worpng toole.
The name of god in vayne thou consentst not till,
Thou neuer swerst but for some purpose good or ill,
And as for the holy daie, thou doest breake none.
For thou wilt rather make twentie, than breake one.
Father and mother not dishonourd by thee:
For thou neuer comst where any of them bee.
And where thou shalt not kyll, to clere the of that,
Thou neuer durst abide to fight with a gnat.
Than all adultrie or fornication
Chastitee dischargeth, by this approbacion.
All women hardly can beare thee their fauour,
To abide thy sight: and in no wyse thy sauour.
For stealyng or theft, what euer thou hast bene
Thy handes at this daie are knowen to be clene.
How canst thou stele ought in house, feeld, or streete?
Thou sittest in Newgate fast bound hand & feete.

A keper

By falſe witneſſe thou neuer hurteſt man. for why,
Eury woord thou ſpeakſt, eury man thinkth a lye.

Now to couet in mynde thy neighbours ate,
Or his houſe, when bondage will not let the paſſe
To ride to the tone, or go to the tother,
Or in conſented thought one waie or other.
For to couet thy neighbours maide or his wife,
Thou knowing, ther can not loue the for their life,
Or of thy neighbours thinges to couet any thyng,
Whan couetouſnes can no waie bring wimpyng,
But that lacke of credite, libertee, or loue,
Reyth thee from that couetyng can moue,
Thou haſt to ſhrewd a wit in deſire to dwell,
To haue thyng', from which diſpeire doth the expell.
Thus in Gods preceptes, except thou clere appere,
I know not who the diuell can ſaie he is clere.

Of a noſe. XXXI.

But for blemiſhe of a face to loke vpon,
I doubt whiche were beſt, to haue a noſe or none.
Moſt of out ſauours are more ſower than ſweete.
A noſe or no noſe, whiche is now moſt meete?

Lettyng of a ferme. XXXII.

By word without writyng, one let out a farme,
The couenaunt wherin the leſſee brake a mayne:
Wherby the leſſor, lackyng writyng, had harme.
He ſaide and ſware, he would make promiſe playne,
Without writyng, neuer to let thyng agayne.

Duſ=

Husband, cried his wife, that othe agayne reuarte,
Els, without writyng, ye can not let a karte.

Age and youth. XXXIII.

¶ Though age and youth to gether can seeld agree,
Yet once two yong and two olde folke did I see,
Agrede lyke lams togither diuers yeres.
The storie wherof foorthwith aperes
A woman olde, and a man yong wer led,
She him for loue, and he her for good, to wed.
A yong woman, and an old man, in like case,
Were wed for like cause at the same tyme and place.
Into one house these two couples wedded were,
And durying their liues, together must liue there.
And thei once aquainted, and one mouth maried,
All their liues after thei neuer varied.
Company and condicion these foure folke hold,
As nature naturally wylth yong and old:
Couplyng them selues to gether thus eury daie
Tholde fooles aldaie prate, ỹ yõg fooles aldaie plaie.

A rose and a nettill XXXIIII.

What time herbs & wedes, & such thyngs could talke,
A man in his gardeyn one daie did walke
Spiyng a nettill greene (as Themerande) spred
In a bed of roses lyke the Rubie red.
Betwene which two colours, be thought by his eie,
The greene nettill did the red rose beautifie.
How be it he asked the nettill, what thyng
Made hym so pert? so nie the rose to spryng.

I plant me with these roses, said the nettill:
Their mylde properees in me to settill.
And you, in layng vnto me your nose,
Shall smell, how a nettill maie chaunge to a rose.
He did so: whiche done, his nostrils so pritcht
That rashly he rubd, where it no whit itcht,
To whiche smart mocke, and wily begylyng,
He the same smellyng, saied smothely smylyng.
Roses conuert nettils? Nay, thei be to fell,
Nettils will peruert roses rather, I smell.

Of the wifes and hir housbandes waste. XXXV.

Where am I least husband? quoth he, in the waste:
Whiche comth of this, thou art vengeable streit laste.
Where am I biggest wife? in the waste (quoth she)
For all is wast in you, as far as I see.

An olde wiues boone. XXXVI.

In olde world, when old wiues bitterly prayde,
One deuoutely, as by waie of a boone,
Art vengeance on hir husband, and to hym sayde,
Thou woldst wed a yong wife er this weke wer doone
Wer I dead, but thou shalt wed the diuell as soone.
I can not wed the diuel (quoth he) why (quoth she?)
For I haue wedded his dam before (quoth he.)

A talke of two conies. XXXVII

In tyme, whan dom beastes, as wel as birdes, spake?
Two conies their myndes in this mater brake.

Were

Were all conies in such case (said the tone)
That of two wynters weathers we must choose one,
Whiche were best choise, frost neuer, & snowe euer?
Or els to choose frosse euer, and snow neuer.
Frost (quoth the tother) maketh vs lustie and fat,
And snow lameth vs for leane. What (q he) for that?
Fortie fat conies be oft kild in one night,
Whan leane conies with life scape awaie quight.
Ye (quoth the tother) but where snow to long lieth,
Conies by famin well nie euery one dieth.
Better all be fatte, though some die, as lotts fall,
Than lynger in leannes, and therby die all.

A prisoner. XXXVIII.

¶ In prison, a prisoner condemned to die,
And for execution waityng daylie,
In his handes for woxmes lookyng on a daie,
Smilyng vnto him selfe these wordes did saie:
Sens my foure quarters in foure quarters shall stand,
Why harme I these seely woxms eatyng my hand?
Nought els in this deede do I, but my selfe show,
Enemy to the wooxme and frend to the crow.

Two blynde men. XXXIX.

¶ One blynde man to supper an other bad,
Whiche twaine sittyng at such meate as thei had,
Me thinkth (q this blind host) this candel burnth dim.
So thinketh me sir, saide the blynde guest to him.
Wife (said the good man) with sorow mend this light.
She put out the candell, whiche burned very bright,

And chopt downe emptie candelsticks two or thre.
So lo: now cate and welcome neighbour (quoth he.)

Debilitee of senses. XL.

¶ Wyfe, my hands for feelyng are oft very yll.
And as thone hand mendth, thother appeyrth styll.
Ye saie sothe (said she) thone hand feelth euermore
Woorse the daie present, than the daie before.
Thother hand feeleth by oynetmentes excellent
Better the daie before, than the daie present.
But how doth your eie sight? worse & worse (said he)
For worse this day than yesterdaie, ℑ see the.
Though you wer blind (q she) ẏ shold no loue breake,
ℑ would your eies were out, so you could not speake.
Take hearyng to (q he) thou makst my eares suche,
That thou hast made thē here enough, and to muche.
And goyng maie go to. For where euer ℑ am,
ℑ go not an inche from the diuell or his dam.
In feith if thou didst (quoth she) yet could ℑ well
Fynde meane, to fynde out a foole euen by the smell.
And here may we here and see, how this tale fits
With my good mans goodly lyms, and good witts,

A foolishe husband. XLI.

Husband, two witts are better than one clarks saie,
To debate matters: whiche seemeth true this waie.
When we two contend, whats my wit without thine,
To conuince thy selfe, thy wyt conducth myne.

A wife

A witty wife. XLII.

¶ Jane (quoth James) to one short demand of myne
Answere not with a lie, from that mouth of thyne,
And take this nobill. Which whan she had taue,
Is thy husband (quoth he) a cockold Jane?
She stode still, and to this would no woord speake.
Frõ which dum dump when he could nit not breake,
He art his nobill agayne. Why (quoth she?)
Made I any lie to thee? Nay (quoth he.)
Than walke foole (q she) this wager I wyn clere,
And thou of my counsaile neuer the nere.
Gogs soule (swore he) and flang awaie amayne,
I will neuer talke with that womon agayne.
For as she in speche can beguile a man,
So can she in silence beguile a man.

Hansom handlyng. XLIII.

¶ Some wonder to see thy handlyng of things neate,
But it is no wonder as the case stands.
The toes of thy feete in handlyng of things feate,
Are as hansom as the fingers of thy hands.

A saiyng of Patche my lord cardinals foole. XLIIII.

¶ Master Sexten, a parson of knowne wit,
As he at my lord Cardinals boord did sit,
Gredily raught at a goblet of wyne:
Drinke none (said my lord) for that sore leg of thyne.
I warrant your grace (quoth Sexten) I prouide
For my leg: for I drinke on the tother side.

Cer=

Certayne folies. XLV.

¶ To caſt faire white ſalte into wyſe mens meate,
To make them count ſalt ſuger, whan they eate, } a foly.

To beare a man in hande he itcheth in eche parte,
Whan the man feeleth an vniuerſall ſmarte, } a foly.

To ſpeake alwaies well, and dooe alwaie yll,
And tell men thoſe deedes be doone of good wyll, } a foly.

Thy luſtie limd horſe to leade in thy hand,
Whan on thy lame lyms thou canſt ſcantly ſtand, } a foly.

Of kyks for cage woorke to builde thy houſe hye,
And couer it with lead, to kepe thy houſe drye. } a foly.

Of two ſtudentes. XLVI.

¶ Two ſcholars yonge in the vniuerſitee late
Kept in thinne diet, after ſcholars rate,
Thone beyng an eater greedy and greate,
Thother a weake feeder, ſaid at his meate:
Oh this ſmart ſmall pittans, and hungrie diet,
Maketh vs to ſtudie aptly in quiet.
Sure (ſaid the tother) ſmall meales are induction
To thencreaſe of ſtudie, for deper inſtruction,
This diner ſhall driue me to ſtudie anon,
Where I maie get more meate, whan this is gon.

A mery woman. XLVII.

¶ There came by chaunce to a good companie
A lady, a wanton and a merie.

And

And though euery word of hir own showde hir light,
Yet no mans woords els to hir might that recite:
She had all the woords, she babled so fast,
That thei beyng weery, one said at the last:
Ma dame, ye make my hert light as a kix,
To see you thus full of your meretrix.
This tricke thus well tricked in the latine phrase,
Brought vnto this tricker nother muse nor mase,
She nought perceiuyng, was no whit offended:
Nor hir light demeanour no whit amended,
But still hir tongue was clappyng lyke a paten.
Well, said the said man, in language of laten
I neuer tolde woman any faute before,
Nor neuer in laten will tell them faute more.

A louse and a flea. XLIII.

A lowse and a flea, set in a mans necke,
Began eche other to taunt and to checke.
Disputyng at length all extremitees
Of their pleasures, or discommoditees.
Namely this I heard, and bare awaie well.
If one (quoth the louse) scrat within an ell
Of thy tayle: than forthwith art thou skippyng,
Lyke Jacke of bedlem in and out whippyng.
Halfe an houre after thou darst no where sit,
To abide the bityng of one good bit.
And whan any man herein shall proue me,
His nayles doe (as a writte dooeth) remoue me.
Whiche nayles once remoued from the mans head,
I am streight at feedyng within a heare breade,

Where

Where I fed before in my deintie diet.
Ye be hardie (quoth the flea) I denie not,
But how many life haue abiden by it?
Whan thei woulde haue doone as fleas dooe, flie it.
With this the man to his necke his hand raught,
The flea skipt away, but the louse he caught.
How now (quoth the flea) Alas (quoth the louse)
My head is well serued to serue for sowse:
That thus lyke a sowse head, forsaw not this greefe,
Tyll feelyng hath put peinfull practise in preefe.

Of hym that forgat his Pater noster in Latine. XLIX.

¶ An olde homely man at shrift commaundid
By his Curate, his Pater noster to bid
After long studie, he saide: Master vicher,
By Jps cham a shamd, my wit is no quicker.
Ich said it within litell more then fortnight.
And now, lyke a beast, cha forgote it quight.
Fy on age. In youth Ich had euer suche wit,
That what so euer Ich had had to dooe, yet
At shrift chad my Pater noster euermore,
Whan Ich saide it not twise in the yere before.

Of him that could not learne his Pater noster in englysh. L.

¶ A man of the countrete shriuen in Lent late,
(Accordyng to thinunction) his curate
Bad him, the Pater noster in englishe saie,
Ich can it not maister (quoth he) by my faie.

Sale

Saie a peece of it (quoth he) though ye the reſt mys,
Ich can not one woord of it (quoth he) by Jys.
Yet maſter vicar, by gods ſacrament,
Cha tumbled about it euer ſens laſt lent.
And ſome of it Ich had in the tenſyng weeke.
But now, whan Ich ſhould ſaie it, all is to ſeeke.
Well (quoth the prieſt) if your wit be ſo far decayde,
Saie the Paternoſter, ye haue alwaie ſayde.
Nay by the mas (ſware he) if you wil haue al told,
Cha ſo prated on the new, cha forgot thold.

Of the fiſt and the hert. LI.

One curſt an others hert for a blowe in a fume.
Curſe not his hert (quoth one by) curſe his fyſt.
His hert (quoth he) to mine eare did not preſume,
But his hert to mine eare did his fiſt aſſyſt.
Eens eche lym muſt frame in feate, as the hert liſt,
Whan the hert with any lym in any faute to fall.
No man blame any man, to blame the hert for all.

Of this woorde, enough. LII.

A merry man by his maiſter at mete ſet.
Me thinkth (q the maiſter) thou canſt no drinke get.
Here is enough, though there be none ſaid he.
Whan art thou not drie. Yes ſo mote I thee,
And fain wold drinke. How be thy woords true than?
Thus. This woord enough two waies we may ſcan.
Thone maybe enough, thother litteli enough.
And here is litteli enough. His maiſter lough,

Cal

Callyng in his wife to diſcant vpon this.
How ſaiſt thou wife? our man in this caſe is
Drie, and wold drinke, and drinke nothing vp him.
And yet proueth he drinke enough by him.
Seus he (quoth ſhe) proueth drinke enough in ſore,
More than enough were waſt. He getth no more.

Of table plaie. LIII.

¶ Wife, I will no more plaie at tables with the:
When we come to bearyng, thou begyleſt me,
In bearyng of thy men, while thou haſt any,
Ethe other caſte thou beatſt one man to many.

The cocke and the hen. LIII.

¶ A cock and his hen perchyng in the night,
The cock at his hour crode loude as he might.
The hen heuy of ſlepe, prayde the cock that he
Would leaue of his crowyng, but it would not be.
The hen ſaw the cock would ſticke to his tacklyng,
In hir treble voyce, ſhe fel ſo to cacklyng,
That the cock praide hir, hir cachlyng to ceaſe,
And he of his crowyng would hold his peaſe.
Nay chorle (quoth ſhe) be ſure, that will I not.
And for thy learnyng henceforth marke this knot.
Wh an euer thou wouldeſt ſeeme, to ouer crow me,
Than will I ſurely ouer cakyll the.

Chepenyng

Chepenyng a face of furre. LV.

Into a skinners shop, while his wife there wrought,
In hast ran a gentilman to espie
A faire face of fur, whiche he would haue bought.
What fur (quoth she) would your mastership bie?
Harlots wombs (quoth he) know ye any nie?
Harlots wombs (forsoth) I haue none (quoth she)
But ye shall haue knaues shankes mete as can be.

Biyng of shooes. LVI.

When I at the shoemakers shall shoes assaie,
If thei be to littell, thei will stretche (saieth he)
If thei be to muche, thei will shrinke streight waie.
To long, to short, how narrow or wide thei be,
All is one matter as he shapth them to me.
For maie he once get his shooes on my feete,
Without last or lingel his wordes make them meete,

A suspicion clered. LVII.

One to his freend keendly,
Gaue monicion freendly,
That ill was reported
By one, that resorted
To hym: whom (as thei thought)
Entysed him to nought.
He thanked him, and saide:
My freend, be not afraide.
The herying of that foole
Setth me no whit to schoole.

I here him, whan he list,
And folow him whan me list.

Of spite. LVIII.

¶ If there be any, as I hope there be none,
That would lese both his eies, to lese his foe one,
Than seace I, there be many, as the world gothe,
That would lese one eie, to lese their foes bothe.

Of the letter H. LIX.

¶ H, is worst among letters in the crosse row,
For if thou finde him other in thine elbow,
In thine arme, or leg, in any degree,
In thy head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
Into what place so euer H, maie pyke him,
Where euer thou find ache, thou shalt not like hym.

Ill feeyng of Idelnesse. LX.

¶ If slight from idilnesse maie be deemed
Mayn meane to vertue beyng led warely:
How maist thou than therby be esteemed?
Thou seest that vice not meanly nor barely,
But mainely: scrupulously, and so charely,
That in the, or idelnesse shalbe spied,
Thou wilt yet rather be all occupied.

A tong and a cloeke. LXI.

Thy tong should be a clock wife, had I gods power,
For than would it strike but once in one howr.

Yet

Yet it might ren (quoth she) and strike er the tyme,
And shold that clock haue (as my tong hath) a chyme:
If beyng seruen, might set the clock foorth soone,
To strike and chime. xii. two houres before noone.

A heresy of a sermon. LXII.

What bringst thou frō the sermon Jack: declare that.
Forsoth maister (quoth he) your cloke and your hat.
I can the good thanke Jacke: for thou art yet sped,
Of somwhat in thy hand, though nought in thy hed.

A man without wit, strength, and cunnyng. LXIII.

Thou art a wight to wonder at.
Thy head, for wit, shewth the a wat.
Thy bodie for strength shewth the a gnat.
Thy voice for tune shewth the a cat.
Dooe, saie, or syng, in any what,
Thou art a minion marmsat.

How to wisshe. LXIIII.

How may I haue the Gill, whan I wisshe for the?
Wishe not for me Jack, but when thou maist haue me.
This is a lesson Gill proper and pleasaunt.
For by these words this wimpyng Jack made auaunt,
Though Jack be no nere Gill then Jack was before,
Yet Jack is nere his wit, by gis, by ten score.

A doubtfull demaunde of choyse. LXV.

¶ If thou must chose Hodge, touchyng cockoldry,
Whiche wouldst thou chose, to know thy self cõmonly
To be taken for one, and take thy selfe none,
Or, to be taken for none, and take thy self one?
The best or worst of these twain (Hew) tel me whiche
Claw wher it doth smart, or tickell, wher it doth teche?
I know small difference herein, Hodge brother,
And I (Hugh) know as littel in the tother.

An old widower and a yong mayde. LXVI.

¶ A widower riche, with riueld face old,
Wooyng a faire yong woman, his mynde he told.
Bostyng what he had, as wowers doe, that can,
Wherin he bosted of a goodly yong man,
A soon of his owne, whom god had him sent.
Of conditions and qualitees excellent,
In this whot wooyng this old mans behauour
So far forth had won this yong womans fauour,
That in short tale, whan his long tale was doon,
She prayed him to goe home, and send hir his soon.

Gapyng oysters. LXVII.

¶ On whom gape thine oysters so wyde, oyster wife?
Some oysters gape on you sir, god saue your life.
Wherefore gape they? Sir they gape for promocion.
Their hope (to promote them) you haue deuocion.
May (or he) the perill were pernicious,
To prombre oysters, that be ambicious.

The

The iudge and the iuggler. LXVIII.

¶ To a iuſticer a iuggler did complayne
Of one, that diſpraiſed his liger de mayne.
Whats thy name (ſaid the iuſtice) Dauſon ſaid hee.
Is thy father aliue? Nay, dead ſir perdee.
Than thou ſhalt no more be Daus ſoon, a clere caſe,
Thou art Daw thy ſelfe now, in thy fathers place.

Of lokyng. LXIX.

¶ To ſaue mine head, whan I vpward caſt mine eie,
And loke not to my feete: to the ground fal I.
Whan I loke dowonewarde to my feete, to take heede,
A tyle fayne from a houſe makth my head bleede.
And loke I ryght fourth, betweene my feete and hed,
Broken head, brieke necke falis, of both I am ſped.
I thinke it as good, by ought I can deuiſe,
To be ſtarke ſtaryng blinde, as thus to haue eies.

Of conſtancy. LXX.

¶ Some ſaie, thou art inconſtant, but I ſay naie.
What though thy wit be wauryng euery waie?
Whoſe wit like the winde hath been wauring euer,
And in vnſtedy wauryng doothe perſeuer,
A conſtant man I affirme him conſtantly,
For he is conſtant in inconſtancy.

Of a face and a witte. LXXI.

¶ In thy youth and age theſe propreties are ſprong.
In youth thy face was olde, in age thy wit is yong.

Of slowryng. LXXII.

What wind cā there blow, þ doth not some mā please?
A fart in the blowyng doth the blower ease.

To the flatterer. LXXIII.

¶ Thy flatteryng of me, this foloweth therupon:
Other thou art a foole, or els I am one.
Where flatterie aperth, at least: by wise mens schoole
The flatterer, or the flattred, is a foole.

Of contentacion. LXX IIII.

¶ Is not the poore man riche, that is contented?
Yes, riche by his contentacion consented.
Is not the riche man poore, that is not content?
Yes, poore by lacke of contentacion here ment.
Than riches and powerte in mens myndes lie.
Ye, but we maie far soner learne (thynke I)
To thinke our selfes riche, hauyng much riches by,
Than make our selfes riche, hauyng no riches ny.

Of waityng. LXXV.

¶ I would see a man waite to his maisters myndē,
As the weathercock waitth on the wynde.
Blow it here or there, blow it low or hie,
The wethercocks beke is still in the wyndē eie.

Of fore knowlage. LXXVI.

¶ Foreknowlage of thynge that must fall
To man, I thinke it were not best.
The fore knowne yll to man, would call
Fore felt greefe, of fore knowne unrest.
By foreknowen good to man were lest

Swete

Swete sodain ioye, whiche euer more
Comth, whan ioyes come vnknowne before.

The same impugned without change of woordes, except fyue or sixe.

¶ Foreknowlage of thyngs that must fall
To man. I thin' it were the best,
The fore knowen yll to man would call
Digestion, of fore knowen vnrest
By fore knowen good to man, were cest
Distemperate ioye, whiche euer more
Comth, whan ioyes come vnknowne before.

Mistakyng an errande. LXXVII.

Feastyng a freend, the feaster (whose man did weyte)
Bad him at the last course, fetche the clouted cõcyte.
What bringst ꝑ here knaue (ꝙ he) what hast ꝑ doone?
I haue (ꝙ his mã) brought here your clouted shoone.
Clouted shoone carter ly knaue, what dost ꝑ dreame?
Eate ꝑ the clouted shone, fetche vs ꝑ clouted creame.

Of holdyng an In. LXXVIII.

¶ Beyng holden in Newgate, thou canst not bee
An Inholder, for thine Inne holdeth thee.

A wines defence of her bettill brow. LXXIX.

¶ Were I to wed againe wife, I make a vow.
I would not wed a wife with a bettill brow.

And I (q she) rather would a husband wed
With a beetill brow, than with a beetill hed.

The shrewde wives toonge. LXXX.

¶ A dog dame ruleth in degree
Aboue a diuell with thee:
At last sower wynd a dog letth flee,
Thy nose will stopped bee:
But no diuels woord mate make decree
To stoppe thy toong I see.
Seus thou apert to be (quoth she)
A dogged diuell to me,
To tame thy diuilliche propertee
My toong shall still be free.

A foolis toonge. LXXXI.

¶ Upon a fooles prouocacion
A wyse man will not talke:
But euery light instigacion
Mate make a foolis toong walke.

Of glasse and lattise. LXXXII.

¶ Where glasiers and lattise makers worke in sight,
This one difference in their two feates we fynde:
Glas kepeth out the wynd and letth in the light,
Lattise kepeth out the light, and letth in the wynde.
Of both sort I wishe, whan I shall wishe any,
Lattise makers few, and glasiers many.

Two wisshes for two maner of mouthes. LXXXIII.

¶ I wisch thou hadst a littell narrow mouth wife,
Littell and littell to droppe out words in strife.
And I wisshe you sir, a wide mouth for the nonse,
To speake all that euer you shall speake at onse,

Of dispreyse. LXXXIIII.

¶ All men must be blind and dese er thou preise win.
For no man seeth or herth ought to preise the in.

A discharge from hipocrisy. LXXXV.

¶ Thou art no birde of hipocriticise broode.
For thou seest all things, that might shew the goode.

Of the scole and the gentilmans nose. LXXXVI.

¶ One gentilman hauing an other at meate,
That guest hauing a nose deformd foule and great.
The foole of that house, at this tyme standyng by,
Fell thus in hand with that nose sodainly.
Nose autem, a great nose as euer I sawe.
His master was wroth, & cride, hense with that daw.
One saide: talke no more of great noses ye foole,
Lest ye be takt withall in the whippyng schoole.
The foole warnd of great noses no more to speake,
To mend that faut, this way these wordes did breake.
Said I, this is a foule great spittell nose?
By: ladie I lyed, it is a faire littell nose.

Will not that foole be had hence (q the maister?)
Thou wilt foole (q one) be walkt with a waster,
If thou spie be of any nose great or small.
The foole at third warning, minding to mend all,
Stept to the boord againe crying as he gose,
Before God and man that man hath no nose.
The foole was feakt for this: but what of that?
The great faut here to note, he amended nat:
Which is this: Not the wise, but the foole ye see,
In clokyng of one faute, makth fautes two or three.

A foole taken for wise. LXXXVII.

¶ Wisedome and foly in the (as men seem)
Is as it were a thyng by it selfe soole:
Among fooles thou art taken a wyse man,
And among wyse men, thou art knowne a foole.

Thynges to forbeare. LXXXVIII.

¶ Displeasures that fume and fret
Good to forgeue and forget
All othes, what, whan, and where,
Better forbeare than forsweare.
Other mens stuing all,
As good forsteale as forstall,
Not at botom, but at brynke,
Better foresee, than forthynke.

Of medlers. LXXXIX.

¶ To feede of any frute at any feast,
Of all kynds of medlers, meddell with the least.

Med-

Meddel not with great medlers. For no question,
Medlyng with great medlers, maketh yll digestion.

Of dwellyng. xC.

¶ Betwene Ludgate & newgate þ canst dwel neuer,
For in Ludgate or Newgate thou must dwell euer.

Of the milner and the sexten. xCI.

¶ The milner tolth come, the sexten tolth the bell,
In whiche tollyng, tollers thryue not a lyke well.
Thone tolth with the claper, thother in the hoper.
Thone sauerth of syluer, thother soundth of coper.

Of lokes and chese. xCII.

¶ No two thyng̃s in all thyng̃s can seme onely one:
Because two thyngs so, must be one thyng alone.
How be it retyng of bookes and eatyng of chese.
Nown thyng̃s for some thyng̃s, more like one thē these.
The talent of one chese in mouthes of ten men,
Hath x. different tast̃s in iudgement most times when.
He saith tis to salt, he saith tis to freshe,
He saith tis to hard, he saith tis to nesshe.
It is to strong of the renet, saith he.
It is saith he, not strong enough for me.
It is saith an other, well as can bee.
No two of any ten in one can agree.
And as thei iudge of chese, so iudge thei of bokes.
Ou lokers on whiche, who that narowly lokes,

Maie

Maie loke for this: Seith he, that booke is to long,
Tis to short saith he. Nay, saith he, ye saie wrong,
Tis of mete length: and for fine phrase or faire stile:
The like of that boke was not made this good while:
And in touchyng the truth inuincibly wrought.
Tis all lies, saith an other, the booke is nought.
No booke, no chese, be it good, be it bad,
But preyse and dispreyse it hath, and hath had.

Of heades. XCIII.

¶ Some heads haue taken two heads better thā one:
But ten heads without wit, I wene as good none.

The woodcock and the daw. XCIIII.

¶ A woodcock and a dawe set vpon a playne,
Bothe shewde compartison eche other to disdayne.
Back, q the wodcock: Straw for thee, q the dawe.
Shall wodcocks kepe dawes now in dredfull awe?
None awe (quoth the wodcock) but in behauiour
Ye ought to reuerence woodcocks, by your fauour.
For what cause (quoth the daw?) For your long bils?
Nay (q the wodcock) but lords will by their wils
Rather haue one wodcock, than a thousand dawse.
Wodcocks ar meate, daws ar carren, wey this clause.
In dede sir (said the daw) I must needes agree,
Lords loue to eate you, and not to eate mee.
Cause of daws curtesis, só, if wodcocks thus gather.
Ye shal haue curtsy: For thus I woulde rather
Be a daw, and to wodcocks curtesy make:
Than be a wodcock, and of dawes curtesy take.

I wer

If were a double daw, had I not leuer,
Birders should (in their birdyng endeuer)
Take vp gins, and let me go, whan they get me,
Than set gins to get me, for lords to eate me.

Of few woordes. XCV.

¶ Few words shew men wise, wise men doe deuise,
Which is oft tyme true, and oft other wyse.
In some case silence maie as stilly stand
With follie, as with wisedom, wisely scand.

Wottyng and wenyng. XCVI.

¶ Wottyng and wenyng, were those two things one,
Who could wot him selfe wise like the, I wene none.

Other wise.

¶ I would geue the best fardell in my packe,
To be as wise as thou weenest thou art Iacke.
And to be as wise as I wot thou art.
What would I geue trowest thou? wat? not a fart.

A muche like mattier. XCVII.

Tom, thou thinkst thy selfe wise ye what of ỳ Hewe?
Thou thinkst thy self wiser than I. Ye tom, trewe.
It seemth (said a third man) by this deuise,
No maistrie for fooles, to weene them selfes wise.

Wisedome and folly. XCVIII.

¶ Thy wisedom and foly both, nay no one
Can be contained in volumes great nor small.
Thy wisedom beyng none, occupieth place none,
Thy foly beyng all, occupieth place all.

Of

Of lacke. XCIX.

¶ One lacke of late in the law wee,
Whiche lackth not now, for this we see,
Thou hast lackt lacke of honestee:
But now that lacke lackth not in thee.

The wethercocke, the rede, and the wynde. C.

¶ The wethercock and the reede comparyng late
Their seruice done to the wynde, fell at debate.
The wynde (q the wethercock) wyndth no wher
But streight bolt vpright I stand waityng there.
Forsoth (said the reede) & where the wynd is found,
At euery blast I bow downe to the ground.
Surely said the wynd, the waityng of the tone,
And curtesie of the tother I take both one.
And none of both good, but rather yll to me:
For whan I ofte in corners secrete would be,
Other the croked courtsy of the reede,
Or wethercocks waityng, bewrayth me with speede,
As like is to me, in suche seruyng pretence
Single negligence, as double diligence.
The weathercock and the reede, beyng both blanke,
Eche told hiselfe, much seruice may haue small thanke.

FINIS.

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